

AN
ESSAY UPON WIND;

WITH

Curious Anecdotes

OF

EMINENT PETEURS.



Humbly dedicated to the Lord Chancellor.

“ Perhaps such writing ought to be confin’d
In meer good breeding, like unsav’ry wind.
Were reading forc’d, I should be apt to think,
Men might no more write scurvily than stink :
But ’tis your choice whether you’ll read or no ;
If, likewise of your smelling, it were so,
I’d fart, just as I write, for my own ease,
Nor should you be concern’d, unless you please.”

WILMOT.

“ Creditur ex medio quia res,
Arcessit habere sudoris minimum.”

HORACE.

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TO THE
LORD CHANCELLOR.

MY DEAR LORD,

I TAKE the liberty of dedicating the following eccentric work to your lordship, as a man eminently superior to the prejudices of the world. As you are one of the first subjects in his Majesty's dominions, so you set the most noble and worthy example to your fellow subjects.

I have heard, from several of your brother peers, that your lordship farts, with-

out reserve, when seated upon the wool-sack, in a full assembly of nobles. This is honest and impartial in your lordship, and you merit the thanks of the nation at large, especially the democratic party, for making no more distinction between the proud body of hereditary representatives, than your lordship formerly did before the plebeians in a full court of judicature at a country assize. Now this is manly—I admire great Nature in all her operations, and detest the wretched affected being who would check or counteract her, in any of her sublime and beautiful works. Fame, my lord, with her shrill loud trumpet, reports that your lordship's farts are as STRONG, and as SOUND, as your arguments—

DEDICATION.

v

as VIGOROUS as your intellects—as FORCIBLE
as your language—as BRILLIANT as your
wit—and as SONOROUS and MUSICAL as your
lordship's voice.

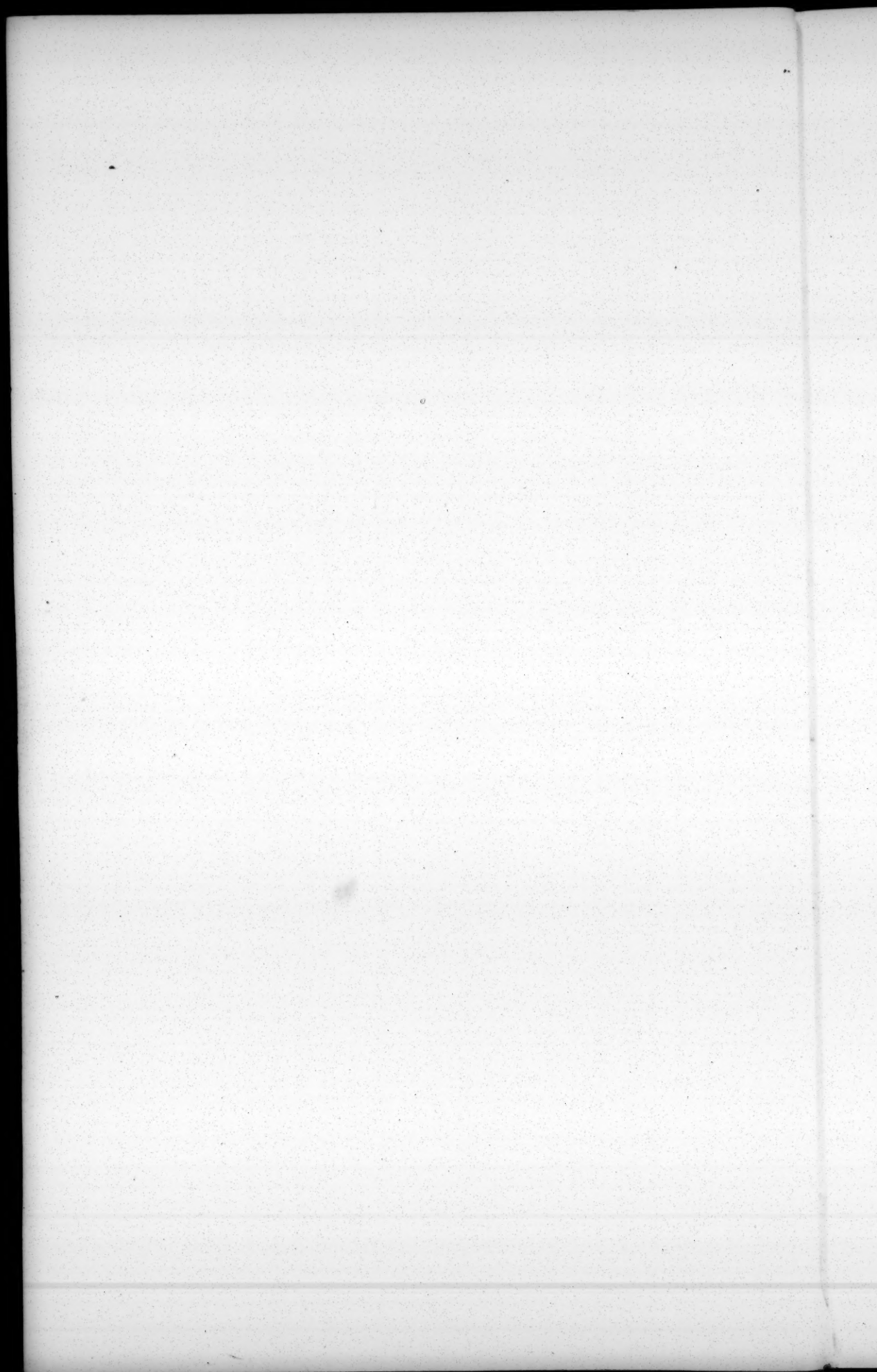
May your lordship continue to fart like
an antient Grecian for many years, is the
sincere wish of

your lordship's

very devoted

humble servant,

THE AUTHOR.



THE AUTHOR'S

Anticipation.

I think I hear the CURIOUS reader exclaim, "Heavens! that the brain of man should be set to work upon such cursed nonsense—such damn'd low stuff as Farting; he ought to be ashamed of straining his dull faculties to such a nasty, absurd subject. But to PRINT his THOUGHTS upon Farting, and to dedicate his dirty lucubrations to the Lord Chancellor, is the height of all human impudence and folly." It may be so, gentle reader, but I am so hardened and incorrigible, that I don't care a rush for thy opinion; but, before we part, I will tell thee a secret.—Know then, that the following singular essay was written, and published, for a considerable wager; so I value not thy criticism—I have won my wager.

Nos hæc novimus esse nihil.



An Essay upon Farting,

IN A LETTER

*To the Secretary of the Agricultural and Philosophical
Societies in ———.*



Montreuil, Dec. 22, 1783.

MY DEAR SECRETARY,

THIS is in compliance with your request of the fourteenth instant, — “that, if I met with any thing ingenious or philosophical, I would communicate it to you.”—If you should think the following subject worth your attention, and that you can improve and confirm it by philosophical experiments, I shall be happy in thinking

my time extremely well bestowed, in thus furnishing you with my thoughts on a subject useful and entertaining; — a subject, my worthy Secretary, of great consequence and importance to all mankind, and which I am sorry to say hath hitherto been considered in a too general, loose, and light a manner.—I was fortunately led to these useful reflections, upon reading a certain author, who, in the most positive style, asserted, with much pompous gravity, that a Fart weighed a grain and a quarter exactly; but what intelligent man will be led away by such impertinent, arbitrary, and false conclusions! For myself, I am determined not to be guided by the conjectures and loose opinions of such vain writers, who, by their shallow and trite remarks, greatly degrade the true depth and dignity of writing.—Nothing surely is so unfair and uncandid in any writer, as to endeavour to mislead our judgment; and I

think it is the duty of every honest man, to detect and expose the fallacies of such pretenders to wit and learning. I have therefore taken the liberty (as a man honestly zealous to detect error, and, at the same time, professedly open to conviction) to consider and judge of this subject in the following manner.

I take it, there are five or six different species of Farts, and which are perfectly distinct from each other, both in weight and smell.

First, *the sonorous and full-toned, or rousing Fart ;*

Second, *the double Fart ;*

Third, *the soft fizzing Fart ;*

Fourth, *the wet Fart ;*

And, Fifth, *the sullen wind-bound Fart.*

Now, nothing can be plainer, to the most common understanding, than that the exact weight of all these distinct nature of Farts must necessarily vary from each other, as much as the different weights of air which issue from diverse instruments by different performers, from various causes of repletion.

This I take to be fundamentally true, therefore to judge so hastily upon such a nice and delicate point is arrogance itself, and an insult to our understandings, as it tends to confound and lump in one general mass, all species of Farts whatsoever, without in the least considering the nature, texture, formation, and feature, and the various causes operating upon the said Farts ; therefore, I say, this positive author betrays a very nasty disposition ; it is, indeed, replete with sound, but then it is mere wind, and by no means a sound and full-

toned argument; it lays down one general rule, liable to no exceptions, neither as to the age, strength, or food, of such Farters: for example, suppose an experiment was methodically tried to produce the different Farts as I have classed them; I am not infallible, but I humbly propose the following efforts to produce them, and have little doubt but that they may be happily and satisfactorily procured.

For Fart, No. 1.—Let a person of a sound, strong, and healthy constitution, eat one pound of cow-heel, a pound and a half of tripe, and two pounds of beef-stakes, and let the Farter *elect* quietly wait the digestion, and you will find him make a pretty vigorous exertion of his noble farting faculties; and, in all probability, he will produce the good, sonorous, full-toned Fart; and, if it is of the true kind, without any offensive smell,

except indeed to those who have not been much used to farting, or who have an extreme nervous irritability upon the nasal faculties.

Now for the experiment upon Fart, No. 2.— Let a healthy person, after much exercise, eat one quart of strong pea-soup, one pound of fried onions, and two pounds of fried beef and cabbage, and, most probably, he will soon entertain you with the double Fart in rapid successions.

For Fart, No. 3. — Let a person of rather a relaxed constitution eat about nine dozen of boiled onions, and drink three quarts of strong, thick, new ale, and he will delight you with plenty of soft fizzing Farts.—This Fart hath the advantage of stinking better than any other, or, as some authors have it, of stinking intolerably and confoundedly.

Fart, No. 4.—Commonly called the *wet Fart*, is very easily procured. Let any person, fond of over-eating, cram himself with pies, custards, whip-syllabub, prunes, &c. &c. and he will do his business with effectual despatch, so as to need an immediate washing. Ladies produce this species of Fart better than gentlemen, so that it is advisable to try this experiment upon a strong healthy young lady, of about eighteen, and who is very apt to be hungry.

As to Fart, No. 5,—Which I have emphatically denominated the sullen wind-bound Fart, it is the most uncomfortable, unhealthy, and troublesome of all Farts whatever that have been yet discovered, as it comes slowly forth, with a painful sensation and sudden rumbling, like to pent-up air in a volcano, which sometimes produces earthquakes and horrible shakes of the earth, from not having

a free and open passage for the gas, or phlogistic air, to escape. Those, who are so unhappy as to issue such Farts from their unwholesome premises, are really patients; they cannot be well with such a plenitude of impure and foul air, pent up in every cavity of their volcano. — However this produces the sullen Fart, issuing slowly, and mournfully murmuring at long and stated intervals; medicinal assistance is here necessary. As I have often suffered in this case myself (particularly last week, when, in a sleepless night, I thought of penning this useful Essay,) I think I may, with some confidence, take the liberty of saying, to what I attribute the farting malady, and, as a benevolent man, always ready to assist my fellow creatures, and being a sincere friend to ease and liberty, I shall, at the same time, point out the cause.

The *sullen wind-bound* arises from various causes of repletion; indigestions from over eating and drinking, a sedentary manner of life, a serious turn of mind, (a disorder I am much troubled with) flatulent food, &c.: these cause a partial stoppage of the general circulation of the blood, and a pressure on some of the vessels of the stomach. The cure must be effected by a line of conduct totally opposite to the cause of the disease, which should be opposed by temperance and moderate exercise, (either on foot or horse-back,) relaxation from all business, cheerful company; and, above all, plenty of carminatives and peppermint-water should be used to make the patient fart stoutly, which, when at length effected, hath a mighty agreeable pretty effect; indeed, not at all unlike a smart engagement with small arms; and with the assistance of a certain portion of active fancy and bright imagination, you

may naturally suppose that you hear the great guns roar their dreadful thunders, and now the small arms rattling their brisk vollies, whilst the patient is left in direful suspense, till the carminatives and peppermint act in friendly conjunction; they search every cavity in the volcano, and, at length, entirely rout out the troublesome and tempestuous enemy, and then he, with *immense force*, produces the *happy Farts*, which I most humbly think may, with great delicacy and propriety, be fairly called a *sixth species* of Farts. Thus, the farting and relieved patient claims a well-fought victory, only at the trifling expense and inconvenience of getting a new coating* to the field of battle.

As to the weight of that species of Fart, No. 4,

* A new lining to a pair of breeches.

or the wet Fart, it may be doubted, whether it is fair or candid to oppose it against the others, from this principle only, as what is left behind will be found to weigh more than the Fart itself, attended, in the explosion, with a high-scented and rarefied air. It may be argued, on the other hand, that it cannot, without manifest injustice to the said Fart, be considered and understood as totally inseparable from the said Fart, as it is actually nourished, and forced in consequence of the real nature of this Fart; but this nice and very refined point should be maturely and deliberately debated upon, before it is either rejected or allowed. If it should be so determined, that its double effects ought to be allowed, then this species of Farts will undoubtedly have the highest pre-eminence and superiority over all Farts, of whatever degree and quality they may be hereafter numbered or adjusted; and will then carry the prize as to

weight, strength, and odour. Upon this subject, No. 4, I have my own opinion, but it would be both indelicate and dogmatical in me, to deliver that opinion till its nature and effects shall be accurately examined and publicly declared by the Philosophical Society: here will be, also, a very curious and delicate distinction for the society to adjust, and which may cause some warm disputes, relative to the granting full allowance and scope to Fart No. 2, opposed to Fart No. 1. I know some very ingenious philosophical Farters, who are notorious for the frequent use of the Fart, No. 2, or the *double* Fart; yet they are candid and honest enough to declare, that, in their consciences and opinions, it is neither fair or honest to oppose a double to a single Fart; for, say they, "two to one is odds at Farting."—To this, I reply, with all due submission and modesty to the worthy and ingenious Farters, whether learned in

theory or in practice, that it should be considered that the subject from whence the Fart proceeds can no more avoid it, than he can help breathing for the preservation of his life; the double effect is involuntary, and proceeds from unknown causes: so that this Fart, or Farts, ought not to be paralleled (which I have heard is unworthily and unfairly done) to a double barrelled gun; for, though that is upon one stock, yet we know there are two distinct bodies belonging to it, and it is in every person's power either to fire one or both; but not so with the double Fart, for there are two distinct and actual sounds proceeding from one body and one passage only; however, before this is fully admitted, it certainly should, from the vast importance of the subject, be carefully and critically examined into by a select and chosen committee of philosophical men of experience, who have a thorough knowledge of the subject. But, after

all, I am inclined to be of opinion, that No. 1, called the sonorous full-toned Fart, will generally be found to weigh more than Fart, No. 2, or the double, because it arrives with a due and emphatic deliberation, and, at the same time, with steadiness, strength, and vigour; that is to say, if it be of the right sort: it hath, at the same time, this advantage, that it may be considerably lengthened and improved, according to the knowledge, abilities, and strength, of the Farting subject; whereas the double Fart arrives quick and impetuous, and cannot be impeded or improved, by all the art and cunning of the ablest and purest Farters: and, moreover, it may be observed, and hath been remarked, by many curious investigators, that the double Fart more frequently issues from the weak and relaxed, than from the strong and vigorous.

I have the pleasure of being acquainted with

one very ingenious gentleman, (now a worthy member of the Académie Française, established by Louis the 14th,) who has been at very uncommon pains, and has gone far beyond any of his predecessors, in making experiments and profoundly investigating the nature of various Farts; and in a learned work, dedicated to his present majesty, Louis the 16th, in section the fifth, page 163, he hath these remarkable words, "Ce qui est ordinairement nommé le double pet, n'est en effet, qu'un simple vent du derrière, le dernier son n'étant que la reverberation, ou l'écho de la première explosion." But, however partial I may be to my friend's deep researches in natural philosophy, I cannot, in this instance, entirely agree with him in so singular an hypothesis; but this, as well as other affairs relative to Farting, I shall leave to be ultimately decided by the impartial and learned philosophers of your society; not in

the least doubting but they will carry on their investigations as usual, with seriousness, temper, and moderation.

I am,
my worthy Secretary,
with great esteem,
your sincere friend,
VAN TRUMP.

POSTSCRIPT.



To enable you to get the best machine for the more accurately measuring the length, breadth, and weight, of a Fart—suppose you propose, at your next general meeting, a handsome premium to be given for it, by your liberal society : I think, an improvement upon the air pump, with a proper receiver, so contrived as not to hurt the patient's backside, would answer the purpose ; besides, it will have this advantage ; the curious investigator, if he uses the best glasses, may see the whole working operations of a Fart, and even perceive its shape and colour. Glass bee-hives have been long invented—why may not farting glasses also ? As we know, from experience, there is no limit to the ingenuity of man—don't you think that some

pretty experiments might be made with Farting air, which is two and twenty times lighter than common air? I have no doubt, but that great improvements might be made upon balloons by the use of it.

If I was in England I would try the experiment, by training about three or four scores of notorious Farters for the purpose, but this cannot be done in France, for the rogues live upon such farina-ceous food, that two score of their nasty Farts have not altogether as much strength in them, as one honest sound English Fart, No. 1. These fellows are always either eating or shiting, and it is not possible to walk the streets or ramparts, without bringing home a nasty evidence of French perfidy. Before I conclude, I must inform you, that, at Paris, English turd, for manuring the land, is most exorbitantly dear; servants will not

ask wages of a good English family if they are allowed to sell the family turd, with which, with a mixture of bad Parisian turd, they cheat their countrymen, calling it la véritable *turd* Anglaise, and hawking it about the streets in as *strong* handsome cases, as though each of them contained a bulse of diamonds.

The following fact will serve to shew you how highly they estimate the English turd :

An English groom, belonging to the Duc d'Orleans, was one day shiting à-la-mode Anglaise, in the Rue St. Honoré, when a well-dressed Frenchman came slily behind him, and caught the precious manure in his hat, and ran off with it ; a fellow directly followed him, and snatched it from him. This theft caused a battle between them ; but the maréchaussée passing by at that moment,

took both the turd-stealers to prison ; the injured groom was bound over to prosecute them, the dirty business was tried by the parliament, who condemned them in a fine of twenty livres each, and one month's imprisonment : the money was given to the groom, as a compensation for having his property taken away in the streets of Paris in open day.

I do assure you, my amiable Secretary, that I have not seen one turd of any magnitude, shape, or colour, since I have been in France. The whole French nation seem to be in a dysentery ; and what with their frequent bleedings and lave-ments, I think they will all soon be in a decline.

AFTER THOUGHTS

UPON

Farting;

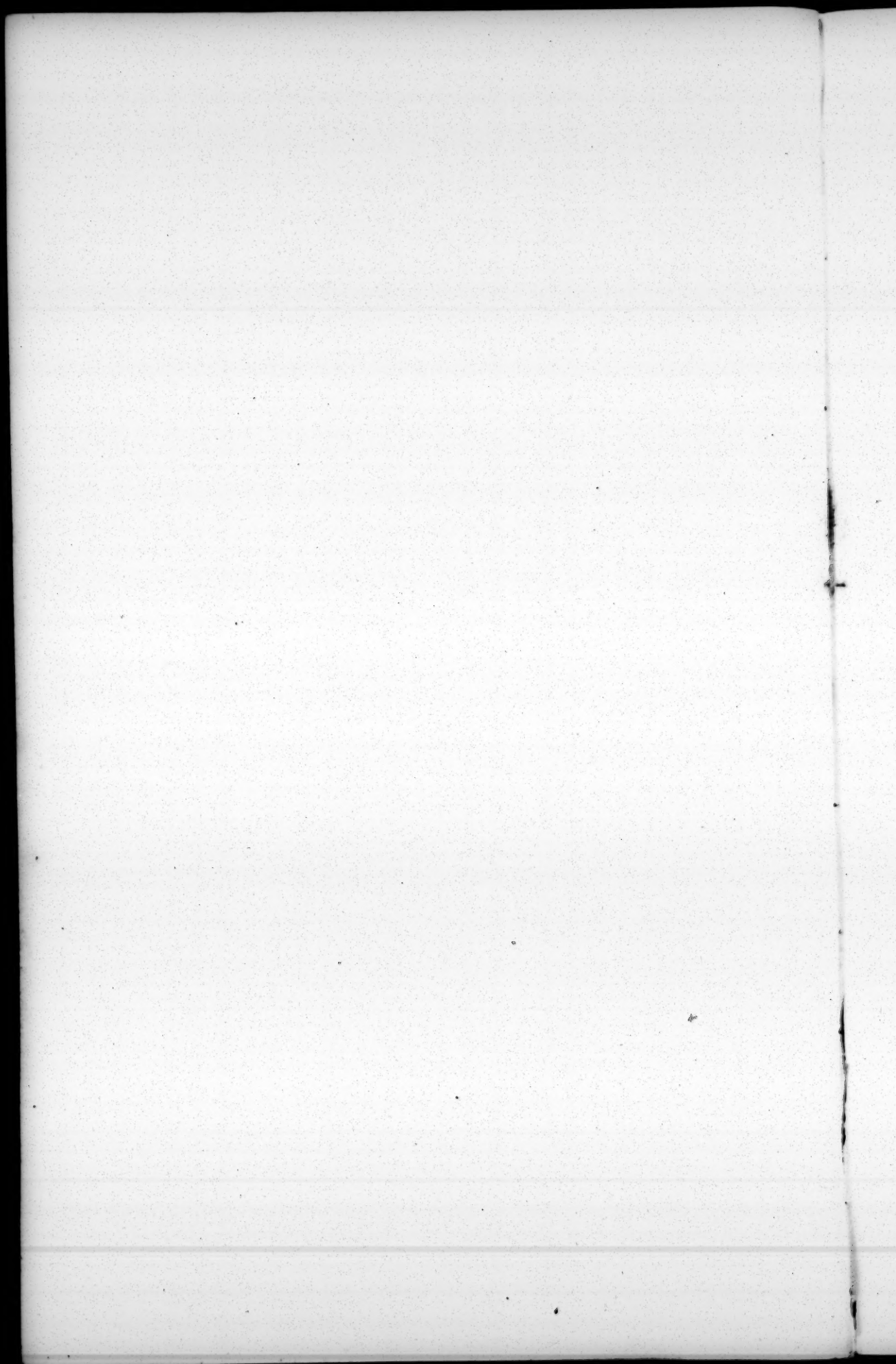
SHEWING ITS GREAT UTILITY:

WITH

Curious Anecdotes

OF

EMINENT FARTERS.



After Thoughts,

&c.



FARTING is certainly a very ancient practice ; but not, as some authors have asserted, as ancient as the world ; for I believe, before the devil appeared in the character of a large snake, neither of our first parents farted ; for, as they were divinely made, it cannot be reasonably supposed, that they had such common and nasty operations as man had since the fall.

When Adam and Eve's eyes were opened, and when they were doomed to till the earth for their

disobedience, *then*, it is highly probable, they began to fart; for labour will unquestionably produce Farts; but, indeed, it is very possible, that this gross operation might have been effected before they began to work; for, as fear is said sometimes to beget a foul pair of breeches, so may it produce affrightened Farts; and who would not be apt to do both one and the other, if a large and monstrous serpent, clinging round an apple-tree, was to begin a conversation with any of us? May not then this affrightened Fart be fairly classed as a seventh species?

The ancients were prodigious great Farters, particularly the Grecians. Peditorius, the elder, hath recorded, that a very important post of the Grecian army was once saved from being surprized by the Persian army, in the following remarkable manner.—The Persians had a dangerous

river to ford, and knew that a small opposition from the Grecians would defeat them, if they were attacked in passing the river; they therefore made the attempt in the dead silence of a dark night, at some distance below the out-post of the Grecian army; here they began to ford the river, and several of the Persian soldiers in front had actually made good the landing; but, fortunately for the Grecian army, one of the sentries of their advanced posts had strayed from his station, to this very spot where the Persians made the attempt.

Now, whether this Grecian was seized with a panic, or whether he tried the experiment from former success, cannot *now* be ascertained, as Peditorius, and all the other historians of that period, are silent in respect to his former notoriety in farting; however, the man did fart, and so

loud, and so many,* that the Persians, thinking the Grecian army was in motion, and their artillery coming up, were, at once, seized with a general panic, and retreated in such confusion, that numbers of them were drowned. The Grecian camp was, by this time, alarmed; they soon assembled their army, pursued the disordered Persians, came up with and fiercely attacked them, and, in a very short time, gained a complete victory.— Thus, by the most noble faculty of farting, was the Grecian army saved from being surprized.— Thus, by the vigorous exertion of one farting Grecian soldier, did the Persian army fly.—And thus, by the effect of astonishing preternatural farting, did the Grecian army obtain a glorious

* Crepitus Juvenis says, six thousand or more; but, I think, he must be mistaken, or have exaggerated, as the strength of the most able Farter could not possibly stand so many thundering convulsions.

victory over the numerous and powerful Persians. But the Grecians have ever been handed down to posterity as most renowned Farters; they had even their killing Farts, which the moderns have no idea of; it must have been an extraordinary compound of refined and subtle air; something of the nature of lightning, which could so instantaneously kill. There have been authors, who have gravely and pompously asserted, that these fart-killing Grecians issued something of the nature of thunderbolts, with a fiery air; but this is vague conjecture, and not to be depended upon; however, the air must have been of a most wonderful, inflammable, and deleterious quality, when a *single* explosion could strike a man dead, which, in the two following beautiful and affecting lines, we find it did.

Fierce Ajax once, the son of great Telamon,
Let a damn'd fart, which siew King Agamemnon !

Now, what a wonderful fellow was this Mr. Ajax, that could kill poor Agamemnon with a Fart! Let us now, for a few moments, contemplate, and be buried in the bottomless pit of profound meditation, in thinking of this dreadful and awful commission!—What serious reflections must arise.—Think! O, think of Farts, that could kill the body, and tremble! What an invincible army would such men as Ajax have made, who could go to war with their enemies without swords, spears, or javelins! Such an army, contrary to all military discipline ever known, had only occasion to turn their backsides to their enemies, and to conquer; and might afterwards call out, with insulting triumph, “We don’t care a Fart for you all!”—Such an army would be more terrible than the army of giants against the gods, who hurled mountains from their mighty hands; but it is well for poor human nature, that these Farts are now

unknown ; and, indeed, it doth not appear to have been very common among the ancients ;—perhaps, Jupiter only granted this singular but tremendous talent to a few favourite heroes,—as all the ancient writers agree, that he did grant several privileges and immunities to a few favourites, almost as strange.—But instances of extraordinary talents, in this way, are not wanting among the moderns ; but they are rendered less dreadful and disgusting, from their innocence, usefulness, and humour.

The most extraordinary performer in this walk, that hath yet come to my knowledge, and which is very well attested, was one Simon Tup, commonly called “ Bellows Tup,” and by some, “ the Farting Blacksmith.” This fellow was born at Kirkeaton, in Yorkshire ; he had the singular and ingenious talent of accompanying any instrument

with his Farts, which he would perform so admirably in time, tone, and tune, as to deceive the nicest judges in distinguishing which was the musical instrument, or which were the Farts; the bagpipe he imitated incomparably, and he performed a solo on the bassoon. This wonderful man found such encouragement, that he quitted his business, and used to travel about the country, by which he got much money.—He farted airs, and sung to them; particularly, “Go, gentle gales, and bear my sighs away.”—The fate of this poor fellow was very melancholy; by an uncommon exertion which he made in the famous song, “Blow high, blow low,” he unfortunately broke a blood-vessel, of which he instantly died. I must not, at the same time, omit mentioning a very curious anecdote of him, which I was assured was a fact:—He happened to be walking upon the mall at Harrowgate, at the same time that

Lady W—— and her sisters were taking their promenade; the ladies presently stopped to listen to the soft tones of a flute, which they seemed to enjoy very much. Whilst they were attentively listening to the airs, they heard a second join in duet. Lady W—— immediately cried out in the highest rapture, “O! what a delightful duet! the second is even superior to the first.”—A blackguard fellow, who was very near her ladyship, cried out, “I’ll be damn’d, if it isn’t Farting Simon, the blacksmith; her ladyship does not know a flute from a fart.”

The fact was, that Bellows Tup joined his Farts in concert with the flute. This story soon became the subject of general conversation; and her ladyship being a woman of uncommon spirit, pride, and affectation of delicacy, could not stand

the joke, and soon after left Harrowgate.—These Farts may be ranked as a species of *musical* Farts.

The next celebrated Farter that has come to my knowledge, was Robert Price, Esq. a Welsh justice of peace, late of Cowbridge, in the county of Glamorgan: this worthy gentleman had an extraordinary faculty in farting; he could issue a certain number of Farts at any time; and if he was asked the hour of the day, he could directly reply, by letting so many Farts as the hour was. Nay, it is said of this wonderful Farter, that he had his half hour, quarter, and minute Farts. Mr. Price used to amuse himself with farting those out of company whom he disliked; but, at length, he became so notorious, (for he had an unhappy faculty of stinking violently,) that his brethren of the quorum would no longer act

with him, and he was universally excluded all society.

This had such a dire effect on his sensibility, that it broke his heart, and he died a martyr to farting.—These Farts may be called the *unfortunate*, or the *sensibility* Farts.

I must not forget the extraordinary Italian Farter, Signior Trebello. He had the amazing and incredible talent of conveying the sound of his Farts to any person in the same room, and could (wonderful to relate !) make it sound as if it came out of a pocket, or the mouth, or the ear. This man was afterwards imprisoned for life, for making the Grand Duchess of Tuscany fart several times, *mal à propos*, at a levee, whilst she was in grave conversation with some of her nobles.—This was, undoubtedly, a very dangerous talent,

as it could make a lady fart by proxy.—These Farts may be called the *wonderful*, or the *proxy* Farts.

I have the pleasure of being acquainted with a very worthy clergyman, who is tolerably expert at farting; he once laid a wager, that he would fart nine times when the clock struck *nine*, and he won his wager.—These Farts may pass under the title of the *well-timed* Farts.

A Fart was once the occasion of a marvellous presence of mind in a young gentleman, and which was the making of his fortune. The late Duchess of D—— having dined at a great entertainment, had unfortunately exceeded the bounds of moderation, and was still more imprudent in going to the opera-house the same evening; where she unavoidably let three or four rouzing Farts in

rapid succession; the uncommon loud reports alarmed the company in the adjoining boxes, who, suspecting it was her Grace, from several ladies leaving her box, owing to the powerful effluvia of her Farts, now turned their eyes upon the poor duchess, and a general tittering and whispering went round. The duchess, confounded and ashamed to the last degree, blushed and held down her head, which but confirmed the company they were not mistaken, till a modest young gentleman, who was in the same box with the duchess, got up and addressed the company in the following language: "Ladies and gentlemen, that there were some explosions is most true,—true, that they were loud and powerful; but from the object of your suspicion, most false. A confession, ladies and gentlemen, I did not intend making, but to withhold it any longer would be now cruelly injurious to the fair ladies in the box. I, therefore,

most sincerely beg pardon; first of them, and then of this whole house; and do assure them, that I alone am the offender, and deserve punishment for presuming to come into any company, on account of my most unfortunate constitution, which obliges me to *evaporate* what I cannot *contain*." At the same instant, he had *the presence of mind*, and strength of body, to let off a brace of astonishing loud Farts, and then precipitately retired. The next day he waited upon the duchess, who was so pleased with his address, that she immediately gave him a draft for one thousand pounds upon her banker, and soon after procured him a place of six hundred pounds a year.—These Farts may be called, the *fortune-making* Farts.

I was acquainted with a very facetious gentleman, who was a great laugher, and always accom-

panied it with farting; but, in time, this had a very bad effect upon his health, and he was thought to be in a consumption, till chance led him to a methodist meeting, where he was so struck with the pathos and reasoning of the preacher, that he turned methodist. He has never been heard to laugh since, and is now grown a very fat man. These Farts may be ranked as a species of *laughing* Farts, or Farts reduced to methodism.

The late Sir William St. Quintin was a very polite man, and a *very delicate* Farter, yet he *would* fart, nor could he be restrained from this wholesome custom even on the bridal night; for he had not been in bed many minutes before he found an inclination to fart. He got up, and opened the window, to send it to mingle with atmospheric air; but, in order to prevent any possibility of the

Farts returning to offend the delicate sensations of his bride, he unfortunately over-reached his centre, and fell into the garden. No doubt he would have been much hurt, had it not been for a deep snow. His lady, consequently, much alarmed, got up, *en chemise*, and, looking out of the window, asked the baronet if he was hurt; he replied, "No, my *gentle love*, not much, only a *little frightened*;"—"Then," returned his lady, "you shall never come to my bed unless you give me your honour, that you will henceforth fart without reserve."—These Farts may be classed as the *mauvaise-honte* Farts.

The following story is recorded of the King of France* and his brother, who, in a large company,

* Louis the Fourteenth.

frequently went out of the room, and as quickly returned again. The king, at length, called aloud to his brother, who was just leaving the room to indulge himself in another Fart; " Brother, (says the king,) stay, if you please, and change your mode of attack. Fart in the presence, and then go out to stink."—This species of Farts may be called the *stratagem-detected* Farts.

The infamous luxury of the Roman emperors is well known. One of them had constantly about him one hundred eunuchs, who were dieted with scented victuals, that their breath and Farts might be fragrant, for they were allowed to fart before the emperor: but this was a cruel privilege, and only meant to indulge the vile nostrils of the tyrant of the world, for few of these scented eunuchs lived longer than three or four months.—These Farts may be called the *fatal-luxuriant*.

I was *much concerned* at reading in the newspapers lately, that a Fart was the the cause of *a lady's fainting away*. The story was well told, and, if I recollect right, to this amount: The Prince of Wales, when at Brighton last summer, was exercising his strength by carrying some gentlemen, by turns, in a peculiar manner. One of them being afraid that the prince would let him fall, or confused with the honour done him, in riding on a Prince's back, let a loud Fart, which had such an effect on his lady's delicacy, that she fainted away, and, upon her recovery, cried out, with much energy and feeling, "O, the Fart! the Fart! O, the fatal Fart!" — This Fart may be termed the *mal à propos*.

I was once witness to a very whimsical wager, between Lord D—— and Sir William B——, who should let most Farts in the space of three hours;

they were to be in a room together, with a teller for each party.—This bet was not decided, for they let an equal number. Though Lord D—— solemnly declared that he let a small one unheard; but as his teller could not ascertain it upon his honour, it was a drawn bet. This was a smart contest, and came to a very nice point.— This last Fart may be called the *non-distinct* Fart.

The following is a French story, which I chuse to give in that language :

“ Dans une ville d’Allemagne, il y avoit une hôtellerie où logeoient ordinairement les François. Un jour, comme on étoit à table, une servante apporta un plat, and comme elle s’en retournoit, elle lacha un gros pet Allemand : Sa dame, entendant cela, commença à lui dire, N’as-tu point de honte, grosse vilaine et puante que tu es, de faire

ce que tu fais en pleine compagnie, et devant tant d'honnêtes gens ? La servante lui répondit tout naïvement, Madame, ce sont des François, ils n'entendent pas l'Allemand ; elle croyoit, comme vous voyez, que son derrière parloit le même langage que sa bouche." This Fart may come under the denomination of the *universal-language* Fart.

The famous Higson, who shit over a sign post, twenty-two feet high, at Wilton, for a considerable wager made by the present Lord Pembroke, was also a very famous Farter. He would extinguish a flambeau by a double Fart, and once he laid a wager that he would extinguish twenty-four large mould candles, each at one yard distance, by twenty-four successive and rapid single Farts. Higson would have won his wager, for he had actually extinguished three-and-twenty of them, but in the last, he was determined, from a low

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vanity, to wind up his bottom by an uncommon exertion; but in this, as it often happens with bravadoes in attempting works of supererogation, he failed; for, though it was confessedly a very noble Fart, yet he be-shit the candle, and so lost his wager.—These Farts may be classed as *supere-rogation* Farts.

The late Doctor P——, who was more distinguished for the excellence of his head and heart, than for his delicacy or politeness, attended the late Lady B—— in a dangerous illness; her ladyship complained to the Doctor, that she felt herself extremely low and weak. “Why, the devil,” says the Doctor, “does your Ladyship tell me such cursed stories? I heard your Ladyship fart the moment I entered the room.—Why, your Ladyship stinks now! depend upon it, whilst your Ladyship will fart, there is no danger of dying;

we often seek for Farts, as the most happy relief; there cannot be a better symptom."

"Ay Doctor," replied her Ladyship, (shaking her head, and in a weak, low tone of voice,) "what signifies farting. I have done that all night, and find myself no better." "Have you, by God!" replied the Doctor, "then your Ladyship shall fart for a prize."—These Farts may be termed the *farting-in-vain* Farts.

The late Doctor M——, physically knew the good effect of farting, and was a great friend to the practice. He particularly admired Fart, No. 4, or the wet Fart. He would often go to his apothecary, after a hearty dinner, and ask him for as much electuary as would produce a wet Fart.—This Fart may be termed the *physical* Fart.

A celebrated French physician, in a work lately

printed, entitled, “ La Methode pour conserver la Sante,” hath the following remarkable passage, “ Personne ne peut se bien porter sans lacher des vents, cela est nécessaire pour la conservation de la santé, et de l’esprit ; ils excitent la digestion, et animent l’esprit. Quelle pitié, qu’une telle coutume soit banie par des fausses politesses de la société. J’ai connu plusieurs jeunes demoiselles qui ont été très malades, qui ont soufferts des cruelles maladies, parce qu’elles retenoient leur vent ; mais comme medecin, et honnête homme, je conseillerois toutes celles, qui sont honteuses de lacher des vents en public, de prendre du carminatifs, et des lavements, deux ou trois fois la semaine, et ensuite, peter en solitude, à leur aise.”—And these Farts may be classed under the title of, *la conservation de la santé et de l’esprit.*

The utility and comfort of farting, then, all the

world must allow ; yet, like many good and wholesome customs, it is now almost banished from what is ridiculously called good company ;* and were either sex now to commit a little blunder *à posteriori*, they would be looked upon as unclean beasts, and their company would be avoided. “ *Now this is worshipful society,*” who through their absurd pride, and false politeness, will have the audacity to counteract great nature in one of her most noble reliefs ; they might, with as much sense and propriety, attempt to stop the winds, which blow from heaven to purify the earth’s atmosphere, as to lay an embargo on the *gentle gales*

* It gives the author unspeakable satisfaction to inform the polite part of the public, that many of the *gens de condition*, at Paris, have set aside the prejudicial, foolish custom, of not farting in public, and from henceforth are determined to fart, as they piss. The Queen of France is daily expected to set the example—first, at her levée, and then at the opera,—ventilators are now preparing.

which cleanse and purify "the little kingdom" of man. I should therefore advise my countrymen, if there is still any sense, spirit, or pride, left in them, not to follow the base servility of such affected fools and coxcombs, who cowardly close their ports against the mild zephyrs of nature, and who would also impudently and arbitrarily oblige their fellow-creatures to do the same. No, my countrymen and countrywomen, if ye are not ashamed to eat and drink together, to blow your noses, or to *breathe* together, or to do any other *delicate* and *natural office* together, pray be not ashamed to fart together.

Fart away then, my brethren, and let *farting* be in common among you. Vie with each other in producing No. 1, or the sonorous, full toned, loud Fart. Fart loud, I say, and never more be restrained by example, age, rank, or sex; for it is

naturál and laudable, wholesome and laughable,
humourous and comfortable.

Post habui tamen illorum mea serio luda. Virgil.



FINIS,

Et sine Exemplo.

